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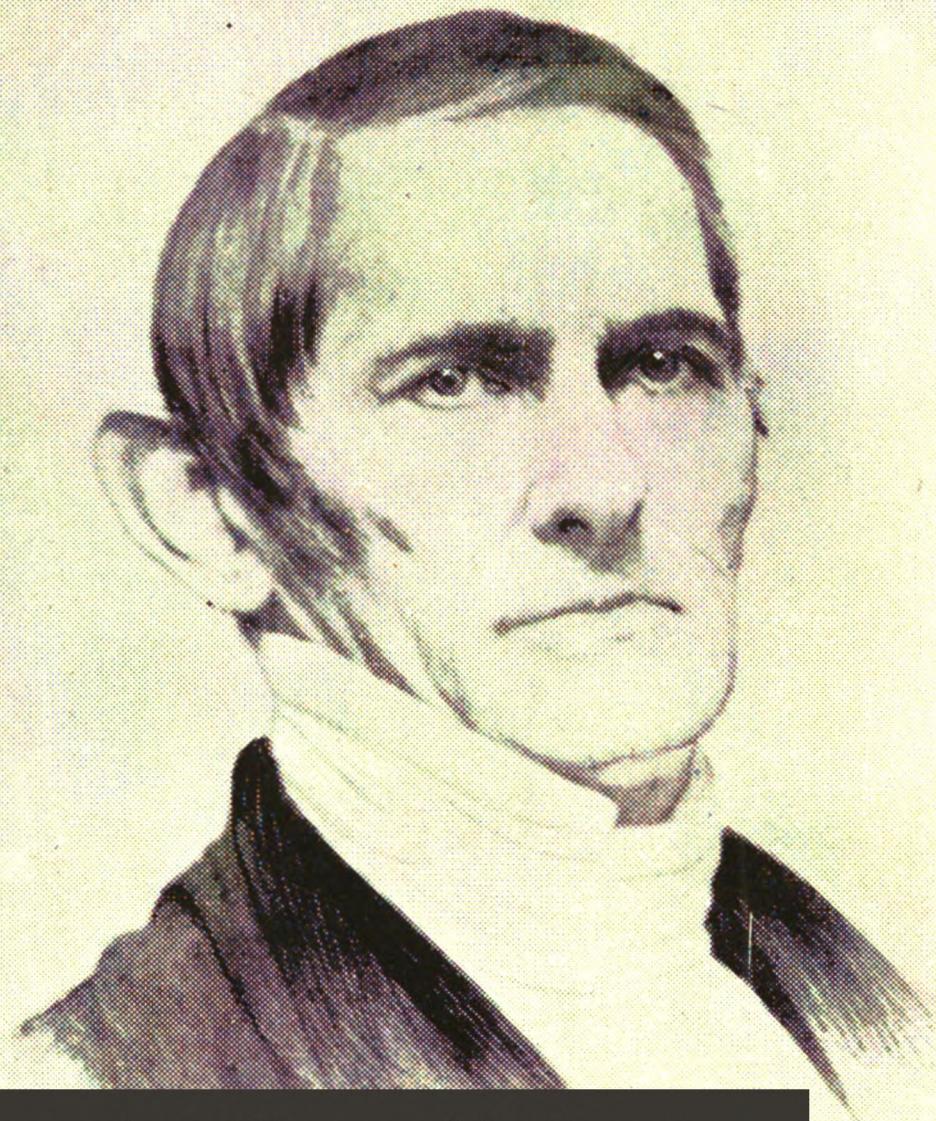
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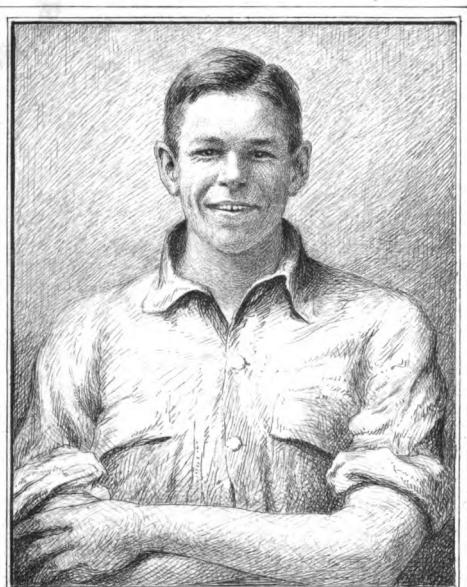
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*Ceremonies in Memory of the Pioneer
Missionary Rev. Hiram Bingham Held ...*

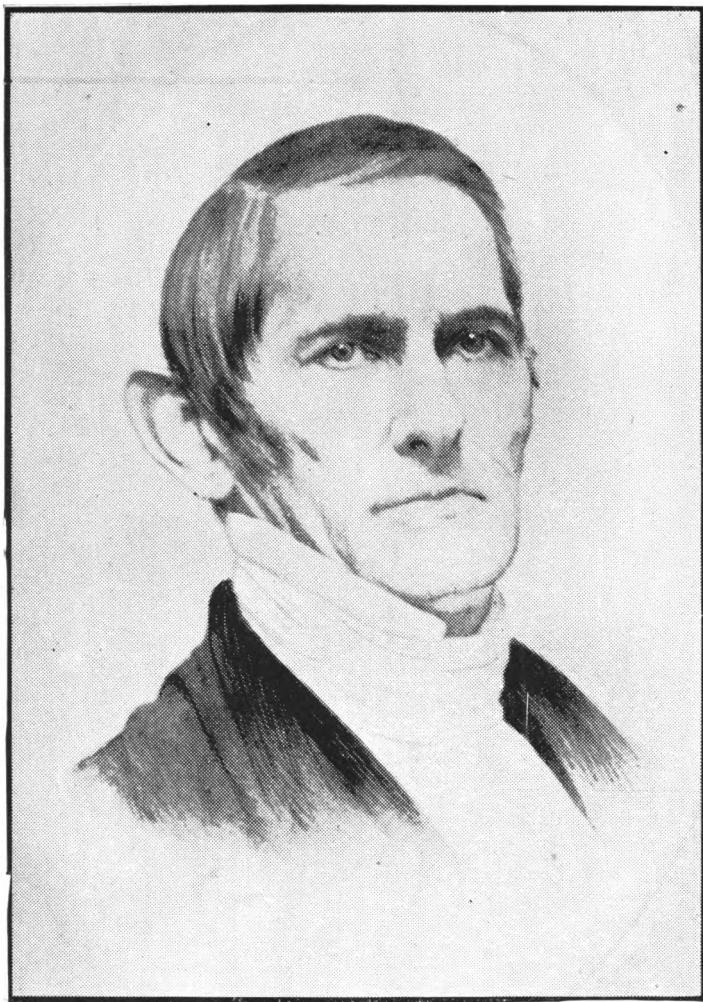
Punahou School, Honolulu



In Memory of
STEPHEN SPAULDING
CLASS OF 1925
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Memorial 1927

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B58
P9



REV. HIRAM BINGHAM, THE PIONEER
MISSIONARY.

Ceremonies In Memory
of the
Pioneer Missionary
Rev. Hiram Bingham



held at
Oahu College, Punahoa,
Honolulu, April 19, 1905.

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Wednesday, April 25, 1905
AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.
Auction Sale

AN.
AUCTIONEER.

ingham Tablet.

NEW YORK HITS

the cockles of the heart. Sold

LAGER

Did, he has an Inverted Bott-
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as far as the age will run. It
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1901, April 19.

Auction Sa

Thursday, April 20,

At my salesroom—
Valuable collection of COINS
sold singly.

JAS. F. MORGAN
AUCTIONEER

Your Attention

Mortgagor's Foreclosure Sale

Saturday, April 22, 1901

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON,
At my land salesroom, 857 Kaahoolae
street.

James Olds Estate, Kai
J. M. Monsarrat Property,
Sam Nowlein Property, Mc
F. J. and W. W. Cross Lease
street.

JAS. F. MORGAN,
AUCTIONEER

At Auction

A Desirable Country
Place in Kaneohe,
Koolau, Oahu.

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20, 1905

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Unveiling of the Bingham Tablet.

(By Sol. N. Sheridan.)

Raise ye the song of triumph!
Sing as ye battle for right;
Follow the steps of the fathers—
They win, who sing while they fight.

Raise ye the song of triumph!
Sing through the darkness of night;
So won the fathers their battles,
Singing while God lent his might.

Raise ye the song of triumph!
the Bings now the tide for the right;
the steps of the fathers,
will bell, w—and God will send light.

of purpose to the uplifting of the lives of men? Assuredly, the spirit of the work of Father Bingham, and of his companions who gave their lives as he did, was in the inspiration of that scene of yesterday. The missionaries suffered much in the devotion which led them to come from their homes on the bleak shores of New England to bring enlightenment and salvation to the dusky children of these tropic islands, much in the hardships of the life that they chose, much in the contumely that was heaped upon them by men who purposely misconstrued their motives and misrepresented their acts for the purposes of evil.

Satan was busy in that early time, as he has been busy since, and he chose his most powerful instruments, as God did, from among the children of the dominant race. The missionaries marched on, gloriously triumphant to the work that it came to them to do—and their children have kept in the forefront of all that great work of progress and enlightenment that good men perform for the regeneration of mankind. It is not, when all is said, to the missionaries nor to the sons of missionaries that the powers of evil look for the darkening of human intelligence. They spread the light.

And in the work that he founded at Punahou, in the humble home upon whose site his memorial now stands, Father Bingham kindled on his own hearthstone a fire whose rays shall reach as far as the age will run. It is a light that will grow stronger and

sohe. "Not for a day, but for all time." Union of Father Bingham could have looked Union, on the scene under the grand old lokai, of Punahou when his memorial is unveiled yesterday afternoon; if he could have seen the gaily clad men and brave men, the fair and fair-haired boys and girls who gathered there where once had stood his humble home; if he could have marked them still treading, as their fathers and mothers trod, the path that leads to high and noble living in the sight of the children of the darker races who bravely hold the road beside them; surely he would have felt that the work of his hands had not been for a day but for all time.

And who is to say that the kindly shade was not permitted look for a moment upon the fruition of the labors of a life given with noble singleness

stronger as the years go on, its radiance burning in the light of young intelligence and finding its fullest fires in the brains of active men and women empowered by the magic of it to do the world's work.

Father Hiram Bingham, the first missionary to land on the island of Oahu, received from the chiefs permission to stay but one year to do the work of God in these heathen islands. The chiefs proposed and the Master of all disposed. In nine years after he had landed, Father Bingham had won the good will of the great chief Boki, though that chief never embraced Christianity, and it was to the generosity of Boki that the Father owed the gift of the tract of land that is now the endowment of Punahou College. Where the memorial boulder was unveiled to him yesterday afternoon, Father Bingham built his home on the island. There, where the smoke of his hearth floated to heaven the holiest incense that men burn, he dedicated the lands given him by Boki to the cause of Christian education for all time—and from the inspiration born of that incense of the Christian home has come all the power for good that has marked the establishment and successful continuance of Oahu College on educational lines characterized by Christian education, and the building of character. There the children of the missionaries and the children of the native race have been trained together, and have gone out together to the noble battle all good men wage to death—and beyond that. For the influence of the good that men do lives after them.

Under the trees that dot the campus of Punahou, just Waikiki of the main

building of the college, was the spot where the Bingham home stood, and here the boulder with its inscription plate stood yesterday, modestly veiled in the American colors, the flag that Father Bingham loved. He had come from the shelter of that flag, long ago, crossing the stormy waters to bring light. His sons see that flag flying now in the light that he brought.

Above the veiled stone the college colors floated, looking very beautiful against the foliage of the royal palms and kiawe, and upon a stand behind the stone were chairs arranged for descendants of the missionaries who were to take part in the unveiling, and for the trustees of the college. In front, upon the shaded grass, chairs were placed for spectators, and these filled up rapidly. By 4 o'clock, the time set for the beginning of the ceremonies, every chair was occupied, and there was a fringe of men and women and college boys and girls behind the chairs, and still behind these a row of carriages filled with interested spectators of the scene.

Presently, the joyous voices of children arose in song, and from somewhere behind the platform came the descendants of the missionaries, two and two, and the college officials, and took their places on the platform.

It was fitting, that men and women of the blood of the missionaries should take the lead in the ceremonial of the day. The triumph of the fathers was their triumph. It is their labor today to complete the perfect work the fathers began. And it was most fitting of all that a son of Father Bingham, the Rev. Hiram Bingham of today, should have been there to unveil the memorial.



THE BINGHAM MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE SITE
OF THE ORIGINAL BINGHAM HOME, OAHU
COLLEGE GROUNDS.

The Ceremonies at the Tablet.

A few minutes after 4 o'clock the band began to play "Old Hundred" and the speakers, trustees and others form. The seats had been arranged at the makai end of the dais facing the flag-draped stone. Those who had places on the platform were President A. F. Griffiths of Oahu College, Dr. Hiram Bingham, Mrs. Lydia Bingham Coan, Judge S. B. Dole, Hon. P. C. Jones, Rev. S. E. Bishop, W. R. Castle, Esq., L. A. Thurston, Esq., Rev. O. H. Gulick, Mr. A. F. Judd, Mr. Clarence Cooke, Mr. Wm. Babbitt, Prof. W. D. Alexander.

At the conclusion of the doxology the venerable Rev. S. E. Bishop, the oldest living male descendant of the missionaries, offered prayer. After the prayer a large chorus under the direction of Miss Caroline Castle sang the grand old hymn "Head of the Church Triumphant" which was sung at the ordination of Father Bingham and Father Thurston at Goshen, then at the farewell service in the Park St. Church in Boston and later sung by both men as they stood on the maintop of the Thaddeus under the lee of Hawaii's shore. The hymn is as follows:

Head of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, that knows our
days.

And ever brings us nigher,
We lift our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love divine, that made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine forever.

ADDRESS BY REV. O. H. GULICK.

The first address was read by Rev. O. H. Gulick, the oldest living Punahoa student. He spoke as follows:

In 1520, the navigator Magellan, coming through the straits which now bear his name, discovered the vast expanse of waters which received from him the name Pacific Ocean.

One hundred years later, in 1620, the Pilgrim fathers crossed the Atlantic, and landing at Plymouth, laid the foundations for a Christian state and nation, which now spans the continent.

Two hundred years still later, in 1820, a band of missionaries from New England landed on these Hawaiian Islands, and began those labors for a savage people, which within three generations have in a good degree fitted the islanders to become citizens of this great Christian nation.

These missionaries received most efficient help in their labor of love, from the regent Kaahumanu, and from several other of the high chiefs, and from some of the common people, who proved eloquent and effective preachers of faith in the newly proclaimed Savior of mankind. Some of these shall live forever as stars in the firmament, as those who have turned many to righteousness.

Three names not of missionary profession, of those who contributed largely and efficiently to the development of the Hawaiian people, and the up-



BOKI AND LILIHA.

building of Oahu College, may here find fitting mention; Mr. James Hunnewell, a merchant prince of Boston, Judge William L. Lee of Western New York, and the boon companion of his youth, Mr. Charles R. Bishop, of matchless bounty, and faithful love for Hawaii.

Father Alexander, Rev. W. P. Alexander, was once asked what justification could a missionary give for spending his life in converting the people of a small island community when there remained continents of unenlightened millions. He replied that a farm of a few acres was all that one man could cultivate, and the small farm might be as valuable on an island as on a continent.

Geographical position has much to do with the development of a nation, and the history of the world indicates the greater comparative importance of island empires when contrasted with continental empires. Witness the power of the British empire as compared with other European nations, or Japan with any of the nations of continental Asia.

The early settlers of New England came into the possession of barren hills, an inhospitable climate, and a rocky soil. They erected the church and the school house and for a crop raised the men who have shaped the course of empires. Our missionaries to Hawaii, despising not the day of small things, stooped to the people of low estate, adopted an alphabet, gave the people letters and some knowledge of the world. Teaching rulers and people alike to read, they gave them a translation of the Bible, wrote for them Christian hymns, and gave them what literature was possible. The transformation of the race, and of the condition of the people cannot be fully estimated by one who has not known heathenism in its hopeless degradation and darkness. The transformation

exceeds the power of human language fully to represent.

Eighty-five years from the landing of the pioneer band, we are here today to unveil a tablet to the memory of one of the two leading men of that honored band. The son of one, and the grandson of the other, are here to participate in the interesting ceremony. "Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers."

Let us for a moment consider the character of these fathers and of those who joined them in the holy purpose of redeeming and lifting to a plane of Christian life the then dark people. Consecration, a loving devotion to the good of the people, was the crowning source of a unity, evident at every general meeting of the Mission. This devotion to a lofty purpose, and their unity of heart and action, were the open secrets of their grand success.

Theirs was a pure democracy tempered by advice from the far distant American Board, representative of the supporting churches.

These fathers were "men of like passions as we are," and of like failings, but firmly united in the loftiest purposes that can inspire human life. They constituted among themselves an indissoluble brotherhood; and the most valuable legacy they left to their children was a like fellowship and confidence in each other. This bond recognized by the circle of children survived undimmed years of wide separation from one another, while scattered far from their island home in the father land. This warm fellowship of the children of the first generation took on the form of cousinhood, and assumed organic union under the name of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society. This unique circle while wholly destitute of political purpose, neither guided by literary nor social ambitions, constituted a bond and helped to foster love and confidence in one another. This bond of

mutual love, confidence and respect, enabled the Hawaiian government amid scenes of great discord and threatened anarchy, to hold on its even way through the troubled seven years of the Provisional Government and of the Hawaiian Republic, till the group was received under the sheltering wings of the Great Republic.

Our fathers builded better than they knew. Trusting in God they faltered not. Their brightest visions, their most careful observations of the dusty, barren plain which stretched from Honolulu to the green oasis of Punahou spring, would never have pictured the emerald gardens, the peaceful Christian homes, the playing fountains, the velvet grass, beautiful flowers and rich fruit that fills all the plain.

The wealth of water that underlies our city had been revealed to no human being. Franklin's kite had touched the lightning of the sky, but no Edison had then harnessed electricity to wheels. The patient donkey, the slow crawling, faithful missionary horse was all they knew of rapid transit.

Today we look out upon a new world of which they knew not. And what is the lesson for us? We are as ignorant of what eighty-five years may bring to us, and our posterity, as were they. The men of the year 2000 will look back to the simplicity and innocent ignorance of the men of 1905. Blessed shall we be if we possess the heroic devotion, the unselfish purpose, and the abiding faith of that generation of Christian workers; the faith to sow the seed and leave the rest to the Reaper.

We may know as little as did our fathers of the purposes of the Lord of the harvest.

Mighty problems unsolved lie all about us, problems as great and as interesting as met our fathers when they drew to these coral bound shores. Like them we labor on as seeing the invisible, we shall like them gather in

the sheaves in the ripening of our seed sowing in the world yet to be. Like Magellan we boldly enter the unknown, uncharted, mighty Pacific Ocean of the future. Like those who drew buckets of water to sustain the drooping life, we shall find the everlasting flowing artesian fountains of the deeper eternal life.

Then may it be said of us, as we can truly say of our fathers and mothers —

These are they who, "Through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions," and received their dead raised to spiritual life.

MEMORIAL ODE.

The next number on the program was an ode written in honor of the Rev. Hiram Bingham, in Boston, February, 1845, by the poet William Bingham Tappan, author of the beautiful hymns "There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest," and "'Tis Midnight," and "On Olive's Brow," which stand Nos. 12 and 13 respectively in the printed list of the fifty best American hymns as decided by popular vote. The ode is as follows:

Pyramids of gorgeous story,
Carve we to the conqueror's name,
Who on fields of gore and glory
Builds his own and country's fame.
Charlemagne and Bonaparte—
Coals that fire ambition's heart!

Yet, thou Missionary Toiler,
Would I rather win thy crown
Than the throne of any spoiler
Who has cast a kingdom down:
He on ruined realms would tread—
Thou hast raised one from the dead!

Stands thy pyramid where ocean
Sleeps within the tropic climes,
Where the tempests make commotion,
Where the billows wake their chimes,

Shadowing the sultry zone
In its wondrous tale—alone!

Wears the night—Earth's glory surely
Like the murky stars will wane:
Truth, the sunlight, shall securely
In meridian splendors reign.
When, forever, shadows flee,
Might my morning break with thee.

ADDRESS OF LORRIN A. THURSTON.

Lorrin A. Thurston, Esq., a grandson of Father Bingham's co-worker, Rev. Asa Thurston, followed with an address about missionary experiences. Mr. Thurston spoke as follows:

Some men are remembered for what they have said; others for what they have done.

What Hiram Bingham said, has already passed from the memory of all but a few. What he did, will stand as a monument to his memory as long as old Rock Hill stands sentinel over the scene of his work.

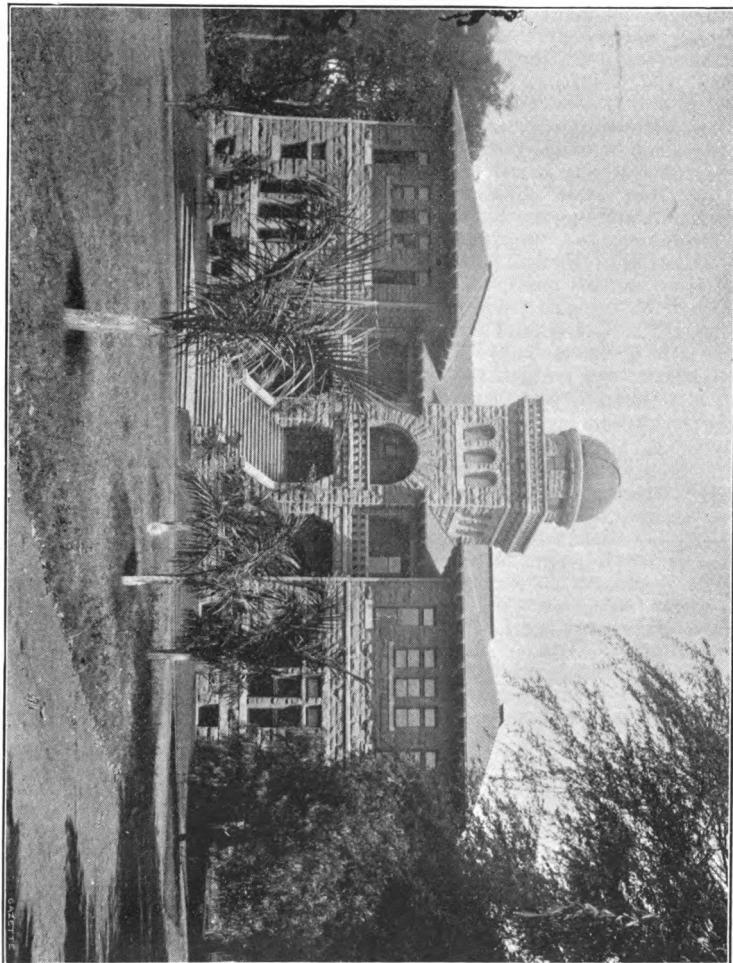
The simple rock which we are today dedicating to his memory—a rock gathered from the fields which he gave to Punahou—is typical of the man whom it commemorates and of the other men and women who consecrated themselves to the service of God and their fellow-men, in the days when Hawaii was literally at the ends of the earth; when the only means of travel and communication were by the chance whaler or the tramp trader, around Cape Horn; when mails came but once or twice a year; when Honolulu was a treeless, waterless, dusty village of grass houses, inhabited by breach-clouted savages who had never seen a white woman and scarcely seen a white man whose morals were not worse than their own, if such a thing were possible.

The "luxuriant living of the missionaries" which we hear sneeringly

referred to by investigators of a day, was no figure of speech in the twenties and thirties and forties in Hawaii. It was a concrete fact. From \$250 to \$400 was the annual allowance to feed and clothe a man, his wife and the numerous babies who successively enlivened the home with delightful but sometimes discouraging regularity.

Whole families of missionary children were raised on sweet potatoes and goat's milk. Flour was a tidbit which generally had to be broken up with a hammer, and sifted to separate it from live stock before it was used. Beef was a rare dainty of the rugged variety known to sailors as "salt horse," and the family sat in the yard to avoid the fumes while it was being cooked. Journeys were made on foot over rough and rocky foot trails for no other roads existed. Voyages between the islands were made in canoes or sloops and schooners so small and of such poor construction that it took days and even weeks to get from one island to the other; and these were so crowded with people, pigs and dogs that there was scarce room to lie down on deck. The cabins were unspeakable caverns, the home of crawling and jumping and flying things, and blackened with the fumes of bilge water and rank tobacco. These are a few of the high lights in the lives of the early Hawaiian missionaries. Meanwhile what were they doing? They were doing practically everything that makes a difference between morality and immorality: between savagery and civilization; lawlessness and law; ignorance and knowledge; between paganism and Christianity. They created a moral standard among people who had known no morals but their own sensuous inclinations; they created laws for the protection of private rights and property, where the unrestrained will of the King and high chief had been the only authority; they created a written language, translated the

PAUAHI HALL.



scriptures, published school books, laws, newspapers; taught the people to read, to write, to build, to dress, to work; they preached and prayed and taught and worked incessantly, and, more effective than all, they lived their profession. They did not give money, for they had no money to give; but they gave themselves to the cause to which they had dedicated their lives. Indicative of this oneness of purpose, is the fact, that when chief Boki, in appreciation of the public services of Hiram Bingham, gave him the land of Punahou, the latter instead of keeping it for himself and his heirs, as he was entitled to do, dedicated it, without reserve, for all time, to the cause of Christian education in Hawaii.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he give his life for his friends," saith the scripture.

Greater love than this had Hiram Bingham, for he gave his life for those who were not his friends, and his substance to those who were unborn.

"It is not enough to believe in God. One must believe in man, in humanity and its future," says Charles Wagner. Hiram Bingham believed in God, in man and in humanity and he lived and acted his beliefs.

We cannot do what he did. "Our ways are not his ways, but the journey's end remains in truth the same."

"It is always the pole star that guides the seaman, whether he cruise under sail or on a steamship."

Father Bingham and the other strong, simple men and women who laid the foundations of peace, progress and prosperity in Hawaii, have passed on over the road which we all must follow; but the pole star of their lives survives.

Many of those present today have directly reaped the benefits of those early days of privation and devotion to duty. All of us have done so indirectly.

Hiram Bingham laid a foundation as solid as the grand mountains which look down upon us; a foundation which will last as long as the trade winds blow across Manoa and the surf beats on the beach at Waikiki. The generation which is still passing, has begun well the superstructure.

Punahou has been, and is, the center of a radiating influence which tends to the uplifting of Hawaii and the right living of its people.

It is the duty and the privilege of those of us who have profited by the work and generosity of those who have gone before, to perpetuate the broad and generous spirit in which the foundations of Punahou were laid and in which it has since been carried on.

Let us then so act as to demonstrate to our successors that we believe, and to encourage them to believe, in God, in man, in humanity and its future.

Following Mr. Thurston's address a double trio consisting of Miss C. V. Hall, Miss Julia Damon, Miss E. M. Damon, Mrs. C. B. Damon, Miss H. A. Austin, Miss A. E. Judd, sang "To Earth Fair Winds Are Bringing." Miss Ethel Andrews played a violin obligato.

JUDGE DOLE'S ADDRESS.

Judge Sanford B. Dole was next introduced and spoke of the early days at Punahou and the spirit and aim of the institution. Judge Dole is the son of the first principal of Punahou. His remarks were as follows:

The surroundings of this place have changed very much since I was a child. I used to come out of the end door there of Dole Hall and pass by the place where we are now standing, on my way to the old bathing pond. I am one of those who remember the old Bingham House. There was a later annex adjoining it on the west which was inhabited by native servants of Punahou. The original Bingham house was then out of repair and uninhabited.

I remember Mr. Gulick, who was one of the big boys at that time, when I was a toddling child, because he was always kind to me and always welcomed me to his room,—he and his brother Charles. Professor Alexander was also one of the large boys that I remember; almost all the Mission families were represented in the school.

The purpose of Punahou was an all-around education—body, mind and spirit. The ideal was high; the pupils were put on their honor in some things. For instance, I remember the dining room, situated in the middle wing of the old courts. The buildings were mostly of one story with narrow verandas and low eaves, not more than seven or eight feet above the floor. From these eaves on the west side of the dining room were hung a row of bunches of bananas which were raised among the taro patches below the spring. My impression is that these bananas were never taken by any of the pupils. I never heard of any complaints or talk about such a thing. Some time afterwards, for some reason or other, possibly for convenience or perhaps because the sense of honor of some of the pupils had become relaxed, they were locked up in the store room. After I had been away from Punahou for some years, I spent a school year here, during which time it became known to me that several of the more enterprising boys of the school, having by some diplomacy obtained a loan of the key of this room from one of the girls who had duties there, had made a mould from it and a duplicate key, returning the original. And thereafter, from time to time, they organized midnight raids on this store room, when not only bananas but other luxuries were appropriated, and yet they conducted these enterprises with such discretion and self-control that it never became known that the school authorities missed anything. This shows the dif-

ference between the power of a sense of honor and that of locks and keys.

When Boki gave Punahou to Mr. Bingham he gave it to the right man, but he did not probably imagine what he was doing for education in Hawaii and for the benefit of his country. If he had given it to the wrong man, Punahou would have existed under another name, perhaps on the slopes of Punchbowl or somewhere else in the suburbs of Honolulu and might at this time be merely holding its own, while the Punahou grounds would be at the present time cut up into house lots. But this gift, passed over by Mr. Bingham to the cause of education, has been a liberal endowment of the institution which has been a prominent reason of its successful growth.

I do not like to brag—I don't often have as good an opportunity as this to brag about Punahou. At any rate, I think it is reasonable for me on this occasion to refer to the work done by Punahou boys and girls in different parts of the world. Like the Punahou spring with its perennial flow of pure and life-giving water, the stream of influence in the direction of civilization and humanity has flowed from Punahou as its source refreshing thirsty places all over the world. Pupils from Punahou fought in the battles of the American Civil War. They have done great work in education in America. They have promoted human progress in Spain, in Turkey, in South America, in China, Japan and the Pacific Islands. They have done this work with the spirit of sacrifice. They have put their shoulders to the wheels of progress and caused them to move, and this work they have done largely because of the training which they received and the influence which inspired them during their stay at Punahou.

The object of the Punahou education is character—the training of the body by exercise, the training of the mind by exercise and the development of the

spirit by exercise, suggestion and example. Next to the paramount object of education, the development of the right attitude of the spirit toward life, there come two other qualities to be sought in the development of such a character as will enable one to meet the world with all its uncertainties and possibilities. You know how a cat, falling from a height or thrown into the air, always lands on its feet. There are persons who, if overwhelmed by disaster,—loss of health, wealth, friends, loss of official position, or even succumbing to temptation, they land on their feet like a cat, alert and ready for the next thing that life has for them whether it be a new calamity or an opportunity by which they may retrieve their fortunes. This trait gives one an advantage in life; it is the unconquerable soul that Henry speaks of in his verse,—the quality which keeps one from being discouraged or cast down,—of giving up in despair whatever may happen. The other trait is akin to this or perhaps is a different manifestation of the same thing. It is the quality by which one tends to take the initiative. You girls and boys know all about this. You know how you admire and look up to those among you who are always taking the lead in your games or entertainments or expeditions or it may be in your mischievous pranks and how willingly you follow them. You may have good morals, be brilliant scholars, be kind-hearted and good athletes, yet if you have not this quality of taking the initiative, you will find yourselves at a disadvantage in life. You will not be useless. You may be in the rank and file of the great army of progress where you will obey orders and be of service, but you cannot lead or control men or exert the wide influence without this quality that you can with it. These two traits which I have referred to I submit to you, Mr. President, as the chief objects of educa-

tion next to the spiritual development in the past, and I feel should be still more emphasized in the future.

ADDRESS OF REV. HIRAM BINGHAM.

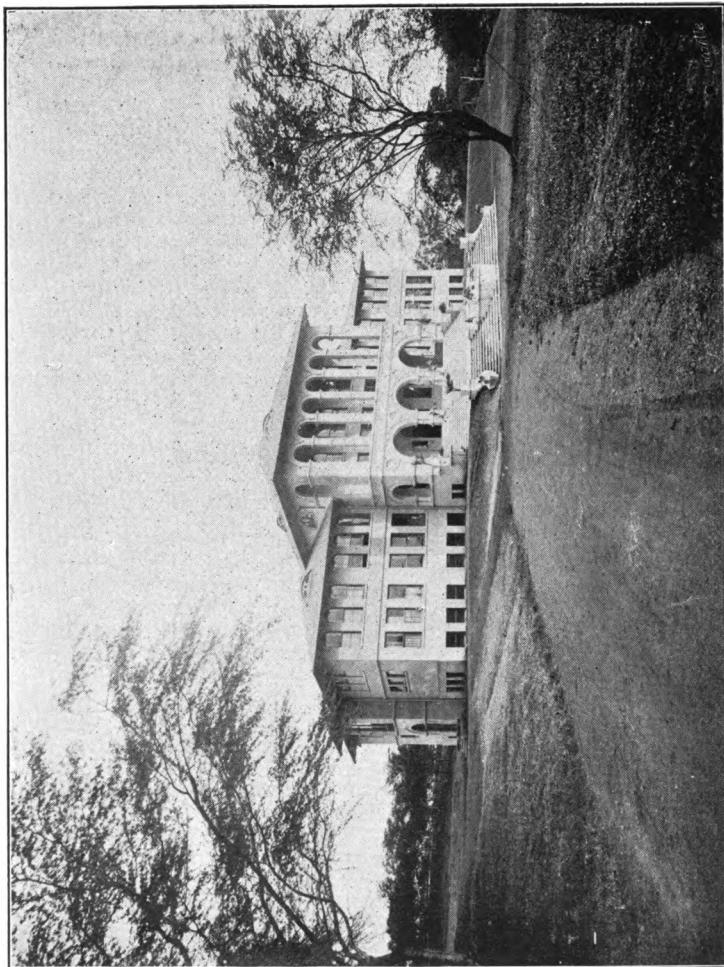
A tumult of applause greeted Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham, son of the great missionary, as he rose to make the address before the unveiling of the tablet. Dr. Bingham read his address in a clear voice which trembled with emotion as he paid a beautiful tribute to his father and mother. He said:

In the Commercial Advertiser of July 20, 1897, nearly eight years ago, appeared an editorial paragraph, a portion of which read as follows: "The trustees of Oahu College propose to set up a memorial in memory of the late Rev. Hiram Bingham, first missionary on the Island of Oahu, and a benefactor of the college. The trustees will select a large boulder and place it in position as nearly as possible on the spot where Mr. Bingham's house originally stood. One face of the rock will be trimmed off to receive a suitable inscription."

This plan, let it be remembered, was originated by a very appreciative former President of Oahu College, Mr. F. A. Hosmer; but, much to his regret, it was not fully executed before his departure.

The exact site of the cottage has since then been discovered by the unearthing of the foundation of the southern corner, and now, after the lapse of five years, the present President, without any solicitation or suggestion on my part, has nobly come to the rescue, and ex-President Hosmer's cherished plan has been successfully carried out, greatly, of course, to my joy; and we are here today to dedicate this memorial, and to witness to our belief in the propriety and usefulness of the same.

Because of my very near relationship to the man whom we today delight to honor, it would be my decided preference to be entirely in the background,



PUNAHOU PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

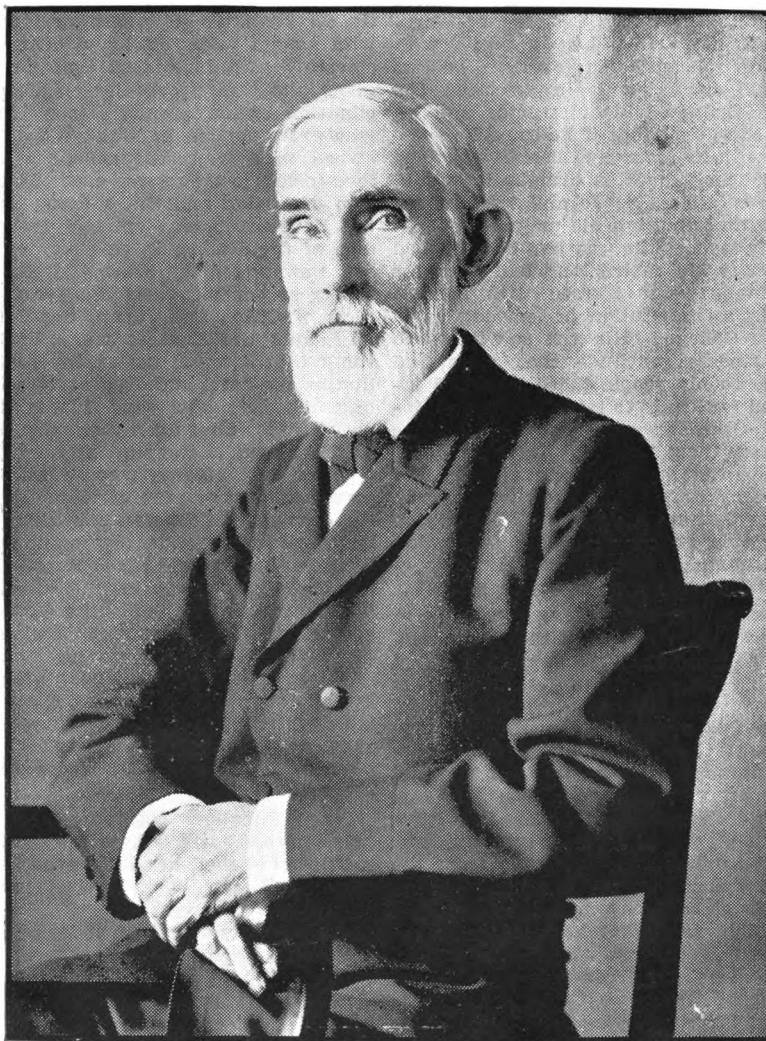
but I remember the command first uttered on Mount Sinai, and reiterated by the Christ whom I serve, viz: "Honor thy father and thy mother," so I have, at the especial request of President Griffiths of Oahu College, with much diffidence consented to assist in the exercises of this hour set apart to formally perpetuate the memory of one of the historic deeds of my honored father, a benefactor of these Islands, who with his wife and his missionary associates, Samuel Whitney and Samuel Ruggles, teachers, Elisha Loomis, printer, Daniel Chamberlain, farmer, and their wives, a pioneer band of missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, landed on this shore April 19, 1820, just eighty-five years ago today, to introduce the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a heathen people who had for many generations groped in deep darkness and gross superstition. Rev. Asa Thurston and Dr. Thomas Holman with their wives had been landed seven days before at Kailua on Hawaii.

To me has been kindly and thoughtfully assigned the simple but delightful ceremony of unveiling this memorial to your view; but previous to my so doing let me briefly but freely speak unto you of one of the Apostles to Hawaii.

Having received the reluctant permission of Kamehameha II. to spend one year with his missionary associates in these Islands, Mr. Bingham earnestly began to win the confidence of the high chiefs and their people, which confidence he never afterward forfeited. He began at once to learn their language, to aid in reducing it to writing, and to establish schools among the people. His wife, my sainted mother, Sybil Moseley Bingham, opened the first school in this city in May, 1820, surely an historic date. It was my father's privilege to prepare the first manuscript for the first printing ever done on these shores. In his "History of the Sandwich Is-

lands" he says, "On the 7th of January, 1822, a year and eight months from the time of our receiving the governmental permission to enter the field and teach the people, we commenced printing the language, in order to give them letters, libraries, and the living oracles in their own tongue, that the nation might read and understand the wonderful works of God," and he adds, "It was like laying a corner-stone of an important edifice for the nation." For eighteen years thereafter he continued, as other duties would permit, to furnish material for the printed page, to perform the duties of the literary head of the mission press in Honolulu and to aid in the promotion of Christian education. Time would fail me to indicate the amount of Christian literature he prepared for the press, or the number and character of the schools which he unceasingly labored to establish.

When he first arrived at Honolulu Boki, the governor of Oahu, was at a distant part of the island, but, being apprised of the arrival of the missionaries and of their design, two days later he returned to Honolulu. The historian says of him, "He was then so much under the debasing and distracting influence of strong drink as to be unfit for business except that of a speedy reformation, to which our business would call him." On one occasion, some three months later, this young Governor Boki came to my father at the close of the public worship to make some inquiries about the sermon on the text, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and expressed a wish to be able to read and understand the Bible, and consented to be daily instructed in it. Nine years later he gave to his beloved teacher this land of Punahou including Rocky Hill and stretching from the summit of Round Top to King street, supplemented by fish-pounds, salt-beds, and coral flats, all more or less valuable. This gift was made in



**REV. HIRAM BINGHAM, D. D., SON OF THE PIONEER
MISSIONARY.**

1829, the year in which Boki sailed lulu? What, I say, would be his emotions? Methinks his breast would swell with honest pride, his heart beat with sincere gratitude to God that he had given him the opportunity and the inclination to make such disposition of whatever portion of Oahu's soil he owned in a way that should greatly tend to secure the permanence of Christian education and the building up of the Redeemer's kingdom in this Paradise of the Pacific, in this city of the sea, now under the Stars and Stripes, facing so conspicuously the great empires of China and Japan, the Philippines and the East Indies. Do you think that I would not spring to take him by the hand and congratulate him, and tell him how glad I was, how proud, to look out upon the many acres of this beautiful campus and remember how he was the man who so willingly consecrated them for all time to the furtherance of Christian education and had thus virtually done what he could to repel the foul and oft repeated slander that the missionaries came to these Islands to take and did take from the poor natives their lands for their own personal and selfish aggrandizement?

But we are here today especially to honor the name of Hiram Bingham, and so I appropriately ask, what would be his emotions if he could appear among us at this hour, after nearly sixty-five years of absence, twenty-nine of them spent in straitened circumstances before he went to glory and contrast what his eyes beheld in August, 1840 (when he took his final leave of this spot of blessed memory, and looked out for the last time from the makai door of the humble cottage which stood just where this memorial stands), with what he would now behold, this campus of a noble college, with its mighty, convenient and well-equipped structures, thronged with students largely Anglo-Saxon, but including Hawaiians and Asiatics cared for by a noble corps of Christian teachers, the President and his associates, and its Board of Trustees, made up of Christian representative men of Hono-

Before I close you will bear with me in my folly. It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions, not of the future, but of the past, just a few reminiscences of an old man.

Dear Punahou cottage, once my home, sweet home, where the precious mother cherished her little ones.
"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for tonight.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore."

Teach me again, as once you did, on this very spot to lisp the name of Jesus. Point out to me again the lilies of the valley growing by the side of this cottage, and lead me again to as-

sociate them with the name of the meek and lowly Teacher who declared himself to be "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

"Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

It was never my privilege to be a pupil at the Punahou Mission School but I can well remember how in summer days, when the heat was great and we were wont, for a change, to dwell in the humble cottage which stood here, an older sister and myself used to start out on foot to cross the dusty and arid plain two miles to Kawaiahao to attend the little mission school held in Dr. Judd's back yard, the germ of this college. Memory goes back sixty-six years to the delights of this refreshing spot, where, after the long weary walks of the day, I was wont to meet a mother's welcome, and to refresh myself, not in this magnificent bathing tank so near at hand, but in an artificial pond originally constructed by my father for purposes of irrigation, but since then used by many generations of students as a place for bathing. It was just over there, only a few rods away and fed from the same spring as the bathing tank of today. I remember with what delight I used to paddle about in my boat, only a box, in a fresh pond close to the spring. I remember how I was wont to stroll in the cool shady spots so romantic to me in childhood among the banana trees which grew by the side of the taro patches; how in this cottage we children eagerly listened to the reading of "the Rollo Books" when they first appeared, and how we rejoiced over the toys as one by one they were taken from the box just arrived from around

Cape Horn. Finally, I remember how, in a neighboring shady grove, just a few yards makai of this cottage, not long before we went forth from it (was it prophetic?), I tried to sing with my sister the anthem "Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness," which we had heard sung by the choir in the old Bethel on King street.

Those were happy days, but they are forever gone. I would not have them back. It is enough for me, full enough that I have the memory of them; that in my old age I hear the merry voices of the rising student generations as after school hours of faithful study they gleefully roam this campus, seeking rest and recreation; and so long as their motto virtually is, "One is your Master, even the Christ," my heart will to the last, beat with joy at the remembrance of the gift of my father and the continued prosperity of Oahu College.

In your walks through these shady avenues, kind friends, will you not once and again linger a moment here to reread this inscription (which I now unveil) and call to mind the labors of love which my dear father put forth in this city for the redemption of Hawaii, and his parting gift, Punahou?

THE TABLET UNVEILED.

At the conclusion of Dr. Bingham's address he stepped to the flag-covered tablet and untied the cord holding the flags in place. By a system of pulleys and cords the two ensigns, American and Hawaiian, together with two flags in the Punahou colors which floated at the sides of the stone were lifted from the monument and flung to the breeze high in the air. The whole audience rose during the ceremony. Immediately after, the stone was dedicated by Mrs. Lydia B. Coan and Misses May Kluegel, Claire Kelley, Margaret C. Thurston, Jane L. Winne, Catharine W. Goodale and Helen Alexander, all descendants of the mission-

aries in the Pioneer company. The ceremony consisted of garlanding the stone with numerous beautiful leis of maile and gardenias.

P. C. JONES'S REMARKS.

After the band had played "The Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhauser Mr. P. C. Jones made a short address which was not on the printed program but which nevertheless caused great enthusiasm as it meant that the two new dormitories planned to take the place of the present buildings which are both antiquated and crowded are assured. Mr. Jones's remarks were as follows:

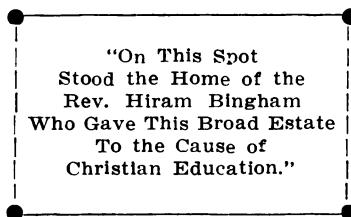
Friends, at a meeting of Trustees held last week, plans were submitted for a new dormitory. There are two of three in contemplation now—two dormitories and a common dining and living hall—a building similar to Bingham Hall. The only thing lacking is funds. Fortunately and very happily, just as I was coming out here a gentleman handed me a most pleasing letter telling of his desire to contribute \$20,000 to Punahou for himself and his wife, both of whom were former pupils of this college. Since coming into the College grounds a little bird whispered that a friend will probably contribute \$50,000. As we estimate the cost of these buildings, we shall require \$75,000 more. I do not expect to raise that amount here today but I want you to think about it.

I had the privilege the other day of reading the will of a gentleman—a privilege which is not usual—and I saw

there that \$10,000 were to be given to Punahou when the testator died. I hope that, if he is here, he will make up his mind to give it before he dies. Mr. Dole has said to you that Punahou boys usually land on their feet. I would like to give a little reminiscence before we go. Judge Dole has told about the old times and although I do not remember as far back as that, I remember when Mr. Dole was fifteen years old—I remember it because I am six years older than he is. At one of the usual church socials held in town, Judge Dole, who was a Punahou boy at that time, stored away so much cake and coffee as to leave the impression that there was no cake and coffee on the Punahou bill-of-fare in those days.

THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

The memorial tablet is a simple but beautiful affair. On a grass mound in the shape of a truncated pyramid is a pedestal of lava rock on which is a great rough lava boulder hewn out from the slopes of Rocky Hill. On its rough face is an oval bronze tablet bearing in simple raised letters this inscription:



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